## APOEMS 路

Mrs. Harriet F. Baldwin.


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BY
Mis. Earrict F. Baldwin.


MJSSIONARI OF THE AMERICAN BOARD IN

FOOCHOW, CHINA. 1847-1895.

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## PREFACE.

It was years ago, and yet how fresh is thememory of a certain summerafternoon when, wearied with play and with the ever recurring question on their lips, "What shall we. do nest ?" a group of missionary children heard with delight "Auntie Baldwin's" voice saying, "Come children I've just written some poetry for you and want to see how you like it."
Eagerly we clustered about her knee and listened, with open eyes and ears, as she told us in rhyme of the little acorn that fell into the ground, ant lay there sleeping till the time came for it to climb up into the sunshine, where it tried and tried a little every day, till at length it becane a big tree, a pleasure and blessing to all around.
And fumy little rhymes, ton, she made for us-just to make us laugh and feel happyout of mere trifles, making sunshine to drive away our ciildish tears.

## Preface.

But, as the years rolled on, from the same fertile brain came fuller, sweeter thoughts of life, beauty, and the Heaven beyond,-such thoughts as would comfort and strengthen those same children and their many companions in their maturer years.

And now the gifted pen is laid aside forever; but we, who have known and loved her so long, dare to take the privilege, which ber modest heart might not have granted, to share with others some of the scattered thoughts woven into poetic form which have been so helpful to us.

Speed on thy way little booklet! Comfort and strengthen whoe'er may read thy pages! So shall thy mission be fulfilled. N. L. P. H.

Foochow, China, April 25, 1898.

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MRS．HARRIET F．BALDWIN．

## THE RAINDROPS．

Come，all the little children， Be names whate＇er they may ； Come，black eyes，blue eyes，hazel，

And eyes of honest gray：
I＇ll tell you all a story－
A fable，if you please，－
It＇s all about some raindrops
That floated on the breeze．
I stood upon the mountain
And viewed the landscape fair ；
There was beauty in the valley，
There was beauty everywhere：
Rich fields of corn and clover，
Rich fields of wheat and rye，
And many a verdant meadow
Lay spread beneath the eye；

Tall treesiwere waving proudly, And in the cooling shade The gentle lambs were frisking Beside their dams so staid;
Then, too, the winding streamlet Flowed merrily along,
I could almost see the pebbles, And hear the tinkling song.

I viewed this scene of beantyThe stream, the fields, the flowers, -
And I thought with bounding pleasure, What a beauteous world is ours !
I thonght of golden harvests, Of the farmer's plenteous store, Of Winter's well-earned pleasuresI thought all this and more.

Again I climbed the mountainBut here I change mv tale ; Another prospect met me, There was dronght all thro' the vale ;
I saw the honest farmers
Gaze at the burning sky,
Then at the drooping, clover, The corn-ile wheat-the rye ;
The raindrops, too, were peeping From out their safe retreat,

And they talked about the clover, The corn and rye and wheat ;
'Ihen I thought the fleecy cloudlets Seemed half a mind to fall, But the tiny raindrops whispered, "Twould do no good at all";
Then, too, they said, "'twas better', Just like the air all free, To roam above the countries, And dance above the sea."

But soon the sky grew darker, Great clonds moved slowly on,
And sure I was of showers Before the day was gone; And so, too, were the farmers, As to and fro they went, Preparing for the raindrops That in those clouds were pent;
And I thought the tiny streamlet, The trees and fields and flowers,
Seemed all to feel more gladsome As they waited for the showers.
But we were disappointed, The clouds rolled far away, For tiny raindrops whispered, "Twould do some other day;"
And others proudly mumured, "We buast of nuble birth,

And can we be expected To mingle thus with earth?
O no! we'll float in ether, With Venus; Jove, and Mars;
Who knows but soon or later We may oursclves be stars!"

And so the clouds rolled onward Toward the great ocean shore, And the sun kept on his burning Just as he did before;
Then the patient, honest farmers Said they had hoped in vain For the million tiny raindrops

That help along the grain;
And the corn and wheat and clover
Bent lower still the head,
And the gentle little streamlet-
Why it was almost dead!
And then I felt so sadly
To see such gloom and dearth,
That I thought I'd make a trial
What my poor words were worth.
So glancing far and upward,
I said, "Good Sol, my friend,
Pray what is your opinion
Where all this thing will end?

The ground you see is cracking,
The crops seem like to fail ;
If things change not for better
A famine must prevail."
Said he, "So I've been thinking, And so I told the clouds, But heedless of the warning, They hurried off by crowds;
But now-if so you like it-
I'll hasten on my car,
Perchance I may o'ertake them, For I see them though afar;
And I'll tell them all the gladness
It's in their power to give;
I know they'll not regret it
As long as they may live.
And so he hastened onward
In his gorcreous car of light,
And I heard him hail the wanderers
As they sped their rapid fight;
I could not hear the talking,
But I know 'twas not in vain,
For soon I saw the raindrops
Come danciug o'er the plain ;
They cheered the thirsty streamlet, They kissed the withering flowers,

And they helped theitoil-worn firmers
To the utmost of their powers;
They thought not of the countries
That ${ }^{\circ}$ lie far o'er the main ;
They envied not the planets With all their brilliant train;
O no I they all seemed happy
As they poured their precious store,
And only thought 'twere better If they had come before.
And now, my little children,
Learn from this fanciedsightplight
To do just all the good you can,
And do it with your might ;
Defor not till to-morrow
What should be done to-day;
To-morrow has its duties,
Then why should you delay?
Do you boast of glittering riches?
Are you proud of noble birth?
Riches take wings to fly away:
Merit, not blood, makes worth.
Have you gone wrong? Be sorry,
Turn right the other way;
And ever for the future
Be sure to ratch and pray.

## THE AGNOS'TIC.

Adrift upon the sea of Life-
A stormy sea with dangers rife-
No power to stem the swelling tide, No fricudly hand the bark to guide ! No sun, no moon, no pale star's light, Nothing but dark and dismal night ! Like this the man who tries to doubt All in this world and all without.

What though our little, finito mind-
So clouded, darkened, ay, so blind-
What though it cannot understand
The work of God's almighty hand?
Why act not, trust not, rest not, till
Our freedon with His sovereign will
We reconcile?
What matter if
The man who climbs the highest cliff
Sees nothing in the distant past-
That shadowy region vague and vast-
To show us if we lived or no
In those dim ages long ago ?
Now we live, we breathe, we act, At least we treat Life as a fact.

We are out upon a troubled Sea, Let us take God's word our chart to be: If false, and there's no heaven, no hell, No other world in which to dwell ; If false, and we like brutes must die, We still live out our day, then lie Low 'neath the sod with kindred earth, And never know we had a birth.

If true, and we shall live forever, And death itself shall only sever The tie that binds to earth and sense, And then these longing souls go hence, 'Twill only be to a happier clime, Unmarred by sin, unmarked by time.

There, there these souls unfettered, free, May know what now we dimly see, May visit every glittering worldNow far beyond our vision hurledAnd measure mighty depths of space, That lie beneath creatiou's base :
But still beyond us there will be Infinite, Unfathomed Deity.

## TOO HARD.

Too hard to bear almost-
This tearing from the heart
What seems and is
Of self a part.
Too hard to bear almost-
This longing for the joy,
But once to clasp our arms
Around our boy.
So hard-this waiting for the sound Of footsteps on the floor-
Footsteps, alas! our ear
Shall hear no more.

But still we murmur not : Our Father knows the grief Pent up within these heartsAnd sends relict.

## WEIGHING THE BABY.

To Baby's Papa who was oace my Baby
You say you have weighed the baby, Even to half of a pound
You say you have measured the matter In the form so plump and round :
But there are things you did not weigh, Because they have no weight at all ; Yet strange to say-marvelous wonder ! These things are greatest of all.

You did not weigh the mind, Enshrined in the form so dear, That mind without which the baby Would be such a grief and care :
You did not weigh the life, Hid, deep in the dark, away,
That life without which the baby Would be but perishing clay.

No, you could not weigh all of baby, There's a part you camot see,
And you have this greatest portion
An unweighed mystery-

This unweighed mystery You scan as a guarded fort :
And you stand awe-struck at the portal Where the baby holds his court.

You may send your messages in To this king in his royal state, But you never, never can enter, 'Tis out at the portal you wait :
In vain you say "He is mine,
I'll force him to think as I will,"
In the recess deep of his castle Baby is monarch still.

He thinks his own special thought, He makes his awn special plan:
He does it now as a child, But sometime 'twill be as a man.

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\text { (Сrambo, } 1883 \text { or 1884.) }
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## "WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD"

I have thought and thought and am sure I can't tell
Why the Spirit of mortal witl pride should swell,
When there is so much above and so much below
He never can fathom, never can know ; And his poor wrecked soul a ruin lies, Till a soft voice comes from the pitying skies, And a hand reaches down from the courts above
With unpaid blessings, and unsought love, To save him from self, and his cherished sin, And to let from without the glory come in.

## Beside the Mercy seat.

(Copy of a rough draft.)
Methought I stood beside the Mercy Seat And listened while Earth's wants rose up to Heaven-
"Lord, I am poor: into Thy treasury
I cannot cast the gold I would : sometimes, as now,
But two poor mites have I-none but these:
But take them, Lord: Thou knowest that I love Thee."
For answer this-"More than the rich hast thou cast in :
They from their plenty give--thou givest from thy want:
These two poor mites are widow's mites
And ail thy living".
"Lord, I have no robe in which to meet Thee,
For this which I have wrought is torn and soiled:
Unlike, as right to day, to garments clean and white
In which Thy saints appear."
Then came in softest tones of fondest love-
"I shed my Blood-I died on Calvary
To purchase this Pure Robe: most gladly
Do I with it wrap thy trembling form."
"Lord, I am weak in intellect: 'tis true
I know somewhat of haman loye : but how
My puny thoughts tire and reel when
Couses I would grasp--subtile influences-
And when I step beyond creation,
Awe-struck I stand in presence of
Mysterious space-that dread something
Which no angle measures-no line can sound-
Unfathomed-fathomless."
"What I do thou knowest not now,
But thou shalt know hereafter-
Be still and know that I am God."
"Am I to do Thy will-these powers
Lie shattered-prostrate-and Sin so well

Hath done its work, that Evil present is, When I would do the grood"
-Answer-
"Abide in Me : for withont Me
There's naught that thou canst do."
"Lord, I am sorrowing: Trouble doth pass
In crested, angry waves over my soul, Till I camot longer stand the shock
And I must fill, when next the billows roll, Engulfed beneath the maddening flood, Except Thou help!"
"When thou passest thro' the waters, I will be with thee,
And thro' the Rivers-they shall not overflow thee."

And then came prayers so hushed I could not hear them,
Unspoken prayers. known only to the Ear, Which, bending, listens to the heart's faintest thought-
Mute louks of anguish, weary, waiting, wistful looks-
-smitings of the breast-
More prayertul far than studied eloquence or rounded periods,

And entering deep into the heart of the Great Hearer.
And I heard the Voice reply, "Come unto Mc.
All weary ones--all heavy laden-
And I will give you rest.
"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye
Ends of the Earth."
"And the Spirit and the Bride say, 'come'.
And let him that is athirst come,
And whosocver will let him take
The Water of Life frecly."
And so in ceascless tide Earth's Wants
Rolled up to Heaven-never a vacant Moment, never a time, when the great All-Father refused His ear
And heart to His needy, suppliant ones.

## GIVEN BACK IN BAPTISM.

What doing, tiny stranger, Out on this ocean wild?
Fearest thou never danger, Venturous little child?
Canst thou steer thy bark Over the treacherous main?
Canst those stem and conquer The dark, wild current's strain?
Hast thon a hand so steady That thon canst hold the helm
Midst every whirling eddy, Which would thy bark o'erwhelm?
And what wilt thou do when the polesta:
Is lost to thy wistful sight,
And the sun withholds his shining, And day seems turwed into night?
$O$ venturous little stranger, Sailing the sea of life Courting this maddening danger, Thou never couldst brave this strife !
But Jesils can be thy Pilut
Over this turbulent sea!
So Jesus, we bring our darling With trustful hope to Thee, Be Thou her Friend and Helper,

Send ever the cheering ray, And guide with watchful love, To the harbor over the way;
Where there's never a bit of sinning,
Where the glory is just beginning,
Where there's never a clond of sorrow,
Never a shade of care,
Never a dreaded to-morrow,
To add to the bordens we bear :
Where the crystal river floweth,
And all is one long, sweet day,
For the light of the Lamb Most Holy
Keeps the darkness all array.
So we bring to Thee our darling,
For bliss, for purity;
Thine now she is, and ever,
Through the long eternity,

## LITTLE MAY'S REMONSTRANCE.

Call me not back, dear father, To tread life's path with theeIt seems so rough and thomy In the tangled wild to beBut here, in the glorious heaven, In this peerless world of ours, I find me ne'er a pathway, That is not strown with flowers,

Call me not back, dear mother, E'en to thy tender arms ; Thou could'st not aluays shield me From earth's rude, wintry storms :
But here, in the glorious hearen, In this blissfal land of rest, I'm safe from the tempest ever, On the loving Saviour's breast.

Call me not back, dear brother, To join thy sports so gay :
There joy oft turns to saduess, And clouds obscure the day:
But here, in the glorious heaven, On this blessed, radiant shore, Is a day that knows no shadow, And pleasures ever more.

I know your hearts are weeping, For the angels tell me so ;
I know they're torn and bleeding, Crushed by the withering blow, That the hours move on all wearily, That birds and flowers and streams Have lost their charming beanty, And the sunlight darkness seems.

But here, in the glorious heaven, Where saints and angels dwell, And cherubim and seraphim Their ceaseless anthem swell ; Where the brightness ever gloweth, And life's pure river floweth;
Where blot of sin ne'er staineth, And the triune God e'er reigneth ;

Where Love links each to other, And joys are ever true:
Sweet father, mother, brother, May waits to welcome you.

## TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

august 1867.
Rest, mother ! sweetly rest !
Rest thou from earth, Where grief and toil and care All have their birth :
Where doubt and gloomy fear
Brood o'er the spirit drear.
And clouds are ever near,
Rest, mother! rest!
Rest mother ! sweetly rest !
Rest thou in heaven-
Bright city of our God
Where bliss is given,
Whose streets are shining gold,
Whose walls, stroner to infold, ?
Sparkle with gems untold,
There, mother ! rest!

Rest, motl:er ! sweetly rest! By life's pure stream,
Bright from the great white throne Its waters gleam:
Rest where no sun doth smite, Where no dark shade doth blight, Where God Himself gives light, 'There, mother!rest!

Rest, mother ! sweetly rest!
Where ange!s dwell,
And to the Great Trime Their anthem swell :
Where all the holy dead Still live with Christ their Head,
Jraising the Lamb that bled, There, mother! rest!

Rest mother ! swectly rest! Rest thou in Him, Of whom all loveliness Is shadow dim:
His hand, will wipe thy tears, His love will quell thy ferms,
A:d sp:an the embleas years, liest, muther! res!

## LITTLE MARY'S SKETCII.

$$
1859 .
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Full many a trifle, many a toy, To thought of grief or thought of joy Gives birth :
This sketch so rude and worn doth scem, A stranger's eye could scarcely dream Its worth.

To me a deeper charm it hath
Than works, that strew a Raphael's path With flowers:
For the little one who patient toiled To trace the sketch so rude and soiled Was ours.

The little hand that traced this tower, And shadowed forth an artist's power Self-moulded,
Did weary grow and stop to rest, And with its mate upon her breast Is folded.

The eye that watched with embryo skill, To guide and check that hand at will, Grew weary,
And now is closed its rest to take ; But, alı! no call on earth can wake Our Mary.

## THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

From a penciled slif, April 20th 1859.

They droop-these fragile flowersTo bloom in heavenly bowers, Where ne'er a storm-eloud lowers : Why do I mourn?

They cross life's ocean o'er, To gain a peacetul shore, Where tempests are no more : Why do I mou'n?

Through gloom and desert blight, 'they pass to homes so bright That e'en our Sun is night :

Why do I mourn?
Here none are fully blest, There weary ones find rest, Leaning on Jesus' breast :

Why do I mourn?
My darksome journey through, Dear ones ! I'll fly to youIf to my Savior trueAnd cease to mourn.

## EVENING HYMN.

Lord, we come to ask Thy blessing Ere in sleep we seek onir rest :
Fervent prayer to Thee addressing, For the grood Thou deemest best.

For Thy mercy now we praise Thee, Shown to us thro' out the day :
Lerrl, Thy mercy high doth raise Thee, Higher far than sweetest lay.

May that mercy still abiding Pardon all onr tearful grilt :
Lord, we come to Thee confiding In the Blood on Calvary spilt.

May Thy gracions benediction Rest on friends beyond the sea:
Or in joy or deep atfliction, Mily they find their all in Thee.

## Aiturgs

## THE LITTLE PINE LADDER.

Three things hang over the mantel-
With one we measure the air :
No, not the air exactly,
But we recasure its heat-all fail :
When the warm breath of Stummer comes,
The silvery line grows ling,
And honest and true it shortens,
As wintry blasts grow strong:
This measure for heat shows mind, Some one has thonght and planned,
Something ne'er comes fiom nothin!
Without a creating hand :
Someborly fashioned the wourt,
And some one marked off the lines, And the quicksilver somebody got

By delving deep down in the mines:

The glass-blower blew the tube With exquisite skill and care, And the brazier wrought out the brass,

And the painter comes in for a share :
I know not the labor required,
Nor of skill, how great the treasure,
To make number one o'er the mantel-
This instrument called a heat-measure.

Number tuo is a bracket made by a boy-
A boy that can run and climb, Swim like a fish throngh the water,

Darin stockings, braid mats, make rhyme, Play music, solve problems, do well

A host of things I may not stop to tell :
He carved out each leaf and each vine.
And gave me the bracket so fine.
And now number three-what is it?
A poor little ladder of pine-
And some perchance may question
The taste that would thus combine
A toy of such rude construction
With the Measure and the Bracket so fine!
But list while I tell the story !
Some things that but trifles seem'

Hide 'neath the seeming a wealth Far greater than jewels that gleam!
'Number three that hangs n'er the mantel
Is only a 'ladder of pine',
But the dear little girl who made it
Was part of thes life of mine;
And the tossing, seething ocean
Rolls between her and me,
And I know not if e'er I shall see her
Till we stand by the jasper sea.
So I lonk at the little pine ladder, And think of the years gone by, Of the kind, winsome ways of our darling, Of her helpless infancy,
Of the loving words of her childhood Of her hand linked with mine in praver :
And I wish on the ladder from heaven,
Let down to this world of care,
The boly, bright angels may come ;
And I wish to them may be given. Thro' gladness-it may be thro' fear-

In this world, so dark and sin-laden, To watch o'er the steps of the maiden, Our Agnes, our darling, our dear.

## TWO BROWN ACORNS,

or
ASPIRATIONS AND RESULTS.

Two little hard brown acorns I just by chance espied,
A. I took a morning ramble

Down by the river side :
I found them gaily chatting-
As acorus sometimes will-
About the various projects
That did their visions fill.

Said one, "My aspirations
Would covet fime's grand sound :
Could I but reach the river
I'l sail the wide world roumd:
I'l bave the furious tempest,
Dance on the wild wave's crest,
Visit the larger kingdoms,
And the isles on ovenn's breast;

That Open sen I'd traverse
Unsailed 1 y Doctor Kinle, -
If the good man now were living,
He'd feel his glory wane-
And then I'il come back home
T) tell my wondrous story, -

Cheer up! so closely we're allied, lly fame will be your glory-
An I all the other acorns
Will thi:ak me very grimd;
In fact I think my praises
Will sound throughout the land."
He pansed and proudly looked,
Looked round upon the other,
As if to say "How well for you
That I was born your brother!

Then thoughtfully the other spoke
Words chosen fice from loast, -
Perple with brains well-filled
Don't often brag the most-
"Acorns," he said' "twonld seem
Were hardly formed to travel, Indeed the place $I$ wish

Would be 'meath eath and gravel,
'Tis in this wry, I'se heard,

We burst our prison wall, And so, at length, become

Great oaks, widespread and tall ;
Thus I might be of use,
Might hope to count as one
Among the trees required
Under this rolling sun."

Just then a troop of boys
Came rushing toward the river;
They doffed their caps to me,
Then played as hard as ever.
Our aspirant for fame,
They tossed him to the tide,
While the humbler, wiser acorn
They 'neath the ground did hide :
'Twas all done in a trice,
And only just for fun,
But I thought how easily
Each friend his wish had won.

Aud then in dreams I wardered
Adown the future dim,
Part seemed like sober trith,
And part like fancy's whim:

I thought I saw our traveler Sail 'mid polar ice,
Then drift down toward the tiopies, Then romnd the wide world twice :
And then he came back home
A blasted, withered thin!,
Nor did a single acorn
His praises think to sing.
And then my mind moved on, Down many a year of time,
And I saw on wiser friend
Just in his beauteous prime-
Not now a limmble scedling, But a noble, giant out,
And all the people round His praises sang and spoke:
Here the children came to frulic, And the young folks came to sing,
And the old men sat in council
With the wishom age doth bring :
And here on quiet Sundays
Would the good man !ead his flock, And point them far from earthly streams To the Fountain from the Ruck.

Hard by I saw a forest, "Oak"-so 'twas told to me-
Whose proud descent was traced Back to our noble tree :
'Twas said wood from this forest Was wanted far and wide-
First in the native land,
And then beyond the tide-
Wanted for lowly cottage, Wanted for towering mast, Wanted for cheering fire In the cold of Winter's blast :
And for other things-a thousand-
Which I may not stop to tell,
Save the dear old oaken bucket That hangeth in the well.

## KUSHAN MONAS'TERY AND VIEWS

Sound of lazy Bonzes, Droning out their prayers:
Senseless, lifeless Buddıa, Neither knows nor cares :
Bell and book and candle, Beads and scrolls and flowers;
Incense ever rising, All the passing hours ;
Chants, prostrations, kneelings,
Marchings to and fro,
Folded hands, drooped eyelids, Hearts withont a glow.

Sound of merry waters, Tinkling o'er the stunes ;

Sound of gentle zephyrs, Borne in whispered tones;
Shadows coming, going, Quivering here and there,
Like so many fairies Flitting thro' the air :
Wonder if the fairies
Do come out and play!
Tipping each a leaflet, Each a tiny spray!

Peaks of misty blueress, Islands of the main ;
Hills like giant monsters, Sleeping on the plain :
Stre:ums of molten silver, Threaling every where;
Odors of the pine trees, Scenting all the air.

Clouds athwart the blue ether, Floating like bridal veil, Concealing-no, only half-hiding With the mist so fair and so frail :
And then from beyoul that blue ether, Where the white-winged angels dwell,

Methinks there comes floating downward The song that the angels tell-
"Peace upou earth from Heaven,
Good will from Heaven to man, Glory to God in the highest."

Even so the glad tidings ran.
So thanks to thee, long loved Mountain !
Adieu to thy beauties rare!
Thanks to thine upward pointing,
As I travel this world of care.

## SOMETHING NEW.

On the ocean wide
Where the azure tide
Meeteth the azure sky,
There is oft a sight
That causeth delight
And pleaseth the eager eye.
There are whales that roam
Thro' the snowy foam
And play at will a fountain:

And winds that rave
O'er the dashing wave
And heap up many a mountain.
There are fish that fly,
And birds that ply
Their oars on the restless occan, With the white-winged ship That flieth to sip
The sweets of a foreign nation.
But these I had seen, And scarce could glean
Aught new this side our haven, Till I saw one day, Mid the glittering spray, A "reindeer" chase a "raven."

## "THERE'S A WILD CAT DOWN HERE!"

## Sharl Peak-by the sea, AUGUST 15. 1888.

Who wouldn't be witd I'd like to know-
When cily cats eat up my rats, And city dog comes down below

And hunts me up with bravest show!
And a Rev'd man from far Shaown
With his mincin! 'hang' and 'hien' and 'Tu',
Sets wily trap, If I may hap,
All desp'rate with the famme sore,
To enter in thro' tilted door,
And lumbly nibble the bait he set
And then get caught in the erucl net! But I've fixed them all-

That city dog amil those city cats
These last-the omes that ate my rats-
D.m't like to arore with my claws,

Don't like the teeth that arm my jaws ;
They're gone far lience to old Foochow Nar due hencétoth to enne, I trow-
"And the trap?" O yer, I did get inBut out I grot! firr ucedte, my chin.

## THE DUODECIMO SOLUTION.

Good biddy flew up to her nest one day, And perched on its edge in a comieal way, Just to count the nice eggs the boys did arrange,
In hope of some chickens to furnish them "change".
She turns her head this way, she turns it that,
She squints and she cackles - pray what is she at!
"One, two, three, four-five six, seven-
Eight, nine, ten-only eleven !
Absurd to think of my strutting around With five-and-a-half pairs over the ground! Why in the world couldn't they give me one
To make even cormt, as I view my chicks o'er! There's good Mrs. Walker-I supposed that she Was just as wise as wisdom could be, But perhaps-o yes, I gucss she was out,

Went to see Mrs. Gordon or wanfer about :
She should have been home to attend to this matter,-
My friends far and near know I'm not one to flatter-
But then the:e were Carrie and Deanie and Fred,
Joe Herrick and Albert and Hattie and Ned, Julia Harding and Ruby and dear little Nell, Put them all together and I'm sure they might tell
That hens never like to be spending their strength
Sitting for chickens, and then at length,
Have only one--three-five--seven, Eight-mine-ten-only eleven!
I'll fly on my nest-an ego I'll layI'll do it--T'll do it this very day !
I'll show them I've spirit ! I'll have the round dozen!
And not that absurd droll figwereleren: But stop, I'm spared the delay and the trouble,


So Biddy hopped on sat the long three weeks,
And ames off in'trimolh with trelre peeping chicks.

## THE SPARROW'S SOLILOQUY.

To A-ANDA-SEPTEMBER, 18.4.
I'm hopping about on the porch, chip, chip! I'm hopping abont with a skip, skip, \&kip! I want some bread, and I want some cake, O my, how I wish they'd hury and hake! At mine I saw him go out to the street-Ku-ku, I mean-I wish he'i be fleet! I watched him as far as I con!d seeWatched fiom the top of the hanyan tree : O! here he comes with his basket full! Wish he'd come nearer and let me pull A few 'ycllow bullets' from out of the bunch! Just to make for me a nice little lunch! O, well, he's gone-gone to bake, I suppose, So I'll hie me off to where the crows
Will sing me to sleep with their caw ! caw! eaw!

And lilly cant come with her sly lithle pan.
There! I've had my nap, and now I'll go.
For two little gills are about to throw
Same crumbs of cake and some crumbs of bread
Out on the porch-they heard in hat I said! Chip, chip! skip, skip! uip, nip!

## GERTIE.

Dainty litule maiden,
With thy shapely head,
With thy curls all golden,
Tell me what was said
To thine imer spirit, To thy very self,
Cansing smile to ripple? Was it sumy elf,
Whispering of thy play-dreams,
Beckoning thee to come
Ont mid ferns and streamlets
To the fanies' home?
Thon dilst dream of chasing
Dulterfly and bee,

Through the scenter clover To the shady tree :
Thou didst dream of lamehing
Tiny little bark
Out on sparkling waters
For some destined mark:
Thou didst transport cargoes-
Loads and loads of sand,
Twigs of silver maple,
To that distant land:
Bits of shining china
That should serve for tiles,
Heaps of chosen pebbles,
To those Emerald Isles:
And then, beneath thy fingers,
Busy little sprites!
Rose there towers and turrets
On the dizzy heights:
Neat and cozy dwellings,
Church and mansion fair,
Very like the castles
Men build up in air :
And they all were peopled
By thy fincy free,
With just the the loveliest dollies

Ever eyes did see:
And then, mid shouts of laughter, They all came tumbling down
At touch of tiny fingers-
Castle and tower and town.
Do I wrong thee, blue-eyed maiden, Thou of the soft gold curl, Thou of the rosy mouth, Do I wrong thee, dear little girl?
Perchance some shining seraph, At bidding of God the while,
Just wreathed thy baby-face
With print of an angel's smile-
O, brighter and fairer is earth
For the children who dwell therein !
Beautiful flowers of Eden,
Blooming midst thorns of sin-
No, I know not what cansed the smile
On thy erstwhile thoughtful face,
But I draw from the story told
A lesson for thee to trace.
Thou truly art building, dear little one, Ever from day to day,
Nay, rather from moment to moment,
And the building will last for aje :

Each act is making thy character, Each word is lelping it on,
And e'en the thoughts of thy babyheart-Known but to thy God alone-
Working in buried stillness
Working by day and by night, Give color and stamp to thy building ; Shall the tinting be dark or be bright?
Let the pillars be firm and unyielding, Like palace be polished the stone, So that Jesus when viewing thy work Will be glad He can call it His own, Will be glad He can welcome thee upward, Where only the holy have trod, To the beautiful radiant city, Whose builder and maker is God.

## OUR OLD CAT.

Kitty ! kitty ! just came here,
All is peaceful-needn't fear !
Sit close by me, good old cat, Don't be sleepy, have a chat!
Now just tell me, once for all,
Was it for food you jumped the wall?
Teacher! teacher! glad I own
'Twas for food and food alone :
I just saw a fine young rat,
Sleek and shining, round and fat;
Could I let slip such a prize?
Let him off before my eyes ?
But alas! I ran too slow,
He gained the honse-a sheltered foe !
In that house are lots of food, Bits of chicken, granua and good, But I did not dare pursue-
Feared those Nisses, would not you?

But just give me once a chance, Won't I make that young rat dance !

Kitty ! kitty ! much I fear, When such talk from you I hear ; Fear you'll meet with some sad fate, So I warn, don't turn too late!
Promise me to mend your ways, That so in peace you end your days. Teacher ! teacher ! please attend! I seek wisdom from my friend; Mon kill sheep and cows and fowls, Cats kill rats and mice and owls: Both want food, and now in verse, rell me, friend, which is the worse?

## THE GRAY KITTY.

> Sharp Peak Sanitarium July $30,1885$.

Little gray kitty
Came from the city
Down to the sea :
She is frisky and fussy-
This littie gray pussiy-
And she frightens me-
When I'm not looking,
She seems to be cooking,
In merry bright glee,
A dish up for me:
And when I'm all smig,
Wrapped up in my rug,
In the old long chair ;
Why! the gray little thing
Just gives such a spring,
Like a sprite of the air.
O, you nanghty gray kitty
That came fiom the city,
How do you dare!

## THE BOY NORMAN.

In SIX acts.
Norman trudges round the floor. Norman watches keen the door, Says by acts we cannot doubt, "Grandma! now do let me out, Grandma! grandma! don't you see. All the wide world was made for me? But -seems to me.- I'm like my fish, Prisoned in that small glass dish, Or like a prisoner in his cell, Or like a froy down in the well : So, grandma! do let me out, To see what my big world's about."

So grandma opens wide the door, Norman treads the threshold o'er: With eager eyes and cheeks a-bloom, Goes trudging toward the dining room: Then knocks a bit. "Come in! come in!" Sounds forth a cheery voice within. Norman enters-looks aromnd, Then makes his mind up at a bound.

## The Boy Norman.

"Norman! Norman! Don't go there!
That, you see, is the orgin-chair.
Its tidy, gray of Quaker tinge,
Conceals a tempting, pretty firinge-
'Fraid you'll break it, litule man!
So try now, make some other plan".
Norman peers again around,
And makes his mind up at a bound,
Gets grandpa Ba!dwin's shining canc"'Take care! take care!! the window lane!!!"
-Grandpa lays aside his book,
And with a happy, cheerful look
Stands hin on the dining table,
Arms spread round him like ab cable.
Hear 'grandma' Baldwin's frantic call!
"Careful now ! don't let hinn fall!"
-Norman thinks the matter o'er,
And then says "Strange! not one can see
The whole wide wold was made for me"
And then be leaves with cheeks more ruddy,
And goes to grandua Hartwell's study :
Grandpa rides him on his shoulder,
Norman feels both bigger, older-
Silys "Thamk you, Crandpa, now I sce
Aore of the world that's made for me"

## MOTHER BIRD.

Mother bird! mother bird! now tell me why All the day long you back and forth tly, Ail the day long you neve: stop to sit, All the day long you never rest a bit; Orer there the banyan tree grows tall and staid,
Thick are the green leaves, dense is the shade ;
Plenty of inseets to furnish you with foodSeem.s to me to stay there would just befor your good.
Plenty of little lirds to make you feel all cheery,
Never need you pine alone, feeling sad and dreary ;
So, my little feathered friend! I counsel you to be,
Now and on henceforth, a tenant of that tree,

Then mother bird bent low, as, poised, she stopped quite near me,
It seemed to please her little heart to wait a trice to hear me ; And then she said, replying, I've something very nice, Sir, But I can well opine Yon'd never guess the price, Sir;
At the side of your house, up, up, very high, Where cats can never come. however they may sigh,
I've built the coziest nest in a safe and secret place,
It's just the loveliest house that ever bird did grace :
In that I have three birdies
As dear as dear can be
I bear them on my heait,
They' re just like life to me:
I flit past back and forth
Thronghout the whole day long, While some who have no nestlings

Canspend the time in songIt matters not-be it rain, be it shine, I'm gathering un food for these lirdies of mine.

## WAS WILLIE GRAY A COWARD?

Poetic scintillations from "the little corporal."
The above was prepared for a class in English. It is founded on a piece in the Little Corpotal, Hie-chu, the only girl in the class, recited it at Examination in the Boys' school, Muk-li drew the various scenes on the Black board, and they remained far into the next term. H. F. B.

Foochow Home, Christmas, 1893.

Once on a time smali Willie G. Sat studying 'neath an old oak tree : Firm in his hand he held a book, From which his eyes he never took;
Till, bounding up came Johnny Lent, And panted out with breath half-spent.
"O Willie gray! small Willic Gray !
Let's go and have some sport to-day!
In yonder fielil is tiptop fun
Let's mount that horse and make him run."

Says Will, "O no, I camot go
This lesson's very hard, you know; Then too, the teacher's quite precise, So now please leave me in a trice" Says Juhn "That's not the reason why You will not go ; so do not try To make me think you're not afraid, Tis but a thin excuse you've made ; Sure now I've found you out to-day, You're just a coward, Willie Gray !

So Willie went. was tossed on stones, And left that field with broken bones And tears and moans and dreadful groans, And now himself a coward ownsAh, Willie Gray!


## FOOCHOW CHRISTMAS MORNING. 1875.

Dear Children, I've come brimful of my glee, Aud have planted for you so splendid a tree, That I think the Wee One on the great Dragon throne
Night count himself rich, could he call it his own.

What fruit do you fancy my tree doth bear? Not peaches, nor apples, nor cherries so fair :
But strange to tell, in this bristling pine, With cones so somber, needles so fine, Are dollies and candies, and, dearie-dear-me! Ill end the list up with an e-t-c.

This tree is for you, my fairy friends gay, From Santa, bent over and wrinkled and gray : For-take care! br" "I'll lose the tally :-

> Bert Osgood the judge and blue-i._ Hallie, For Katie and Maleel, Swecter than fable ;
Foochow Christmas Moruing. ..... 57

For the trim little tottie, Dark-eyed Lottie,
For Allie and Johmic, Charlie and Ban,
A bright little row from a brave Scotch clan ;
For tootsie Runnell, Jennie and Lena, For Alice and Agnes, Josie, and Tina;
For Ruthie and Emmie, the two merry girls,
Who skip all about, tossing their curls;
For Mamie and Ervin, Gracie and Gertie, Abbie and Eddie, Lulu and Bertie :
For you, little May with your wide-awake brain, For Mandie, the darling, bright link of the chain;
For Annie and Charlie and all the wee dears,
Whose ages have never been counted by yearsYou must stand and survey with all your bright eyes
The beauty and grace of your wonderful prize :
And if you don't mind-give a ring, lond and clear,
For the evergreen tree, so full of good cheer, And my darling old pack, so quaint and so queer,
a
And then a 'Hurrah' for the Dhne, and the Czar, The Queen, and the land of the Stripe and the Star.

58 Foochow Christmas Morning

Now I'm off! for your dear ones over the sea
In a telegram say "We are waiting for thee ; "
If not asking too much for a bright Christmas day,
Send a message to tell if you are sorry or gay ; Now I'm off like the lightning-only making a pause
To dash down my name - Your friend, Santa Claus.

FOOCHOW, CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON. 1875.
Santa, Dear Sir.
You left in a hurry, Such a fearful flurry!
'Tis painful to think,
How over the brink
Of the jumping-off place
That circles the space
We call our world, You were planning to dash As quick as a flash Of lightning is hurled!

We hope onir good friend Met witb no dreadful end,
Foochow Christmas Afternoon ..... 59

That the darling old pack
Never whirred from your back
As you sped o'er the depths of old ocean :
That you perched without stop
On some broad chimney top,
With a liptoe bound
And never a sound
Tò wake people round.
And stir up a prying commotion.
Now; soon as we're able, By submarine cable,

We tender true thanks
From all our gay ranks,
And gladly confess
The brilliant success
Of the evergreen tree
Planted by thee :
Thro' out the long yams
We shall eherish-
But stop! some people do allege
That Sinta Claus is Mr. Hedge !
It's a ruse! he never ternt oreer the sen,
But has been here all the while, watching the tree!

60 Foochow Christmas Afternoon.

And himself has measured our thanks by the joys
Of this frolicsome troop of girls"and boys! So cur telegram we'll not prolong, And join our merry Friend of Song In (Here, in comes Mr. Walker with) "Up on the house, no delay, no pause."

## THE SOUL.

I saw a ship-a Ioncly ship; They called her the Adtance.
So desolate that frozen sea, I said "she's here by chance":
Bat no ; amid the twilight sloom, Betokening months of night,
Two dusky forms went shivering past My weary, wondering sight:
They talked about their ice-bound ship,
About their need of food,
Of fearful sufferings they endured,
But all in patient mood:
'Tis unthing, so they bravely said,
If we but reach the groal,
If we but prove an open sea
Doth truly flood the pole:
'Tis nothing, so we haply find Brave Franklin and his men,
Or if in science we may add
Somewhat to human ken.
Aud so I found as I looked abroad,
That life of man on carth

Is a ceaseless round of weighing What this or that is worth:
All thing: are woighed-npi:uions, time, l'ain, pleasure, motives, gold :
Within these mental scalles are tried Things varied, lhings untold:
The farmer hopes for golden sheaves As he patient til!s the soil,
And the merchant puts his shining gain 'Gainst risk, and carc and toil ;
The warrior wears his lamel crown For fiercest conflict giren,
Anl the martyr dieth joyfully For God and truth and hearen.

And then I thought, "There's a jewel fair, Whose worth 'lwere we!l to try ;
To me it seens more precious fir Than anght beneath the sky."
And so into one scale I put A living himan soul,
And in the other all the gems
E'er found foom pole to pole;
They naught availed, no, naught, So void of worth, so light;
Nor did this spacious globe of ours Weigh e'en a single mite :
And then I put in heaven-its love,

Its lowly, blest employ,
Its simless beanty, womdrons peace,
And all thatimakes its joy:
Then next I adiled hell-its gloom,
Its tears that vainly flow;
Its deep remorse, its lone ciespair,
And all that makes its woe:
Then to these cach-there elements
Of decpent pain and pleasure,
A long duration I affixed,
Eternity its measme--.
Eternity! Eternity!
Exponent vast of power,
Whose involutions infinite
Beyond all numbers tower!
I looked - the seales were equal poised -
Not through the long forever
Shouk I enmprehend the priceless wath Of the soul that dieth never.

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

I wander in the valley,
The way sems dark and drear:
I camot see my Savior,
Bat sure He must be near:
For He His help hath promised;
His Word--it camot fail!
And oft the sonl He cheereth,
Crussing the darksome vale.
Oh, the clouds are breaking, breaking!
I see the the azure sky,
The radiant tand beyome it,
The blessed home on high!
"Jernsalem, the golden"!
Thy walls with jewels bright,
Thy battlements and towers
Are bursting on my sight!
O holy, wondrous City!
Thon at passing fall within,
Thou liast no shate of so:row.
Thom hast bo thonght of sin!
Zephyrs from life's pure river
Float rom me even here,

And songs of the countless ransomed
Fall on my listening ear:
I see the holy argels,
I hear their chorms grand:
O sweet, O rapturous music
Of that thrice blessed land!
There dwells the loving savior.
His pitying face I see,
And oh! He kindly looketh,
Looketh down on me!
Farewell all donbt and sorrow,
Farewell, all anxious fear ;
Enough for me that Jesus,
That Jesus sees me here!
Farewell my precious loved ones
Now threading sorrow's night ;
Oh, say you'll surely meet me
In the blisstul world of light!
Now the angels wait around me
To bear me to the sky,
To the radiant land of glory,
The blessed home on high.
Jesus, I'm coming, coming!
O sweet, O heavenly day!
Ye loving, waiting angels,
Now bear my soul away!

## DEATH OF THE MINSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

"With great sorrow I have to inform you that our dearest Sarah has passed away."
"Passer away"-such the words that came to 11 s
From orer the resiless sea-came afier weeks Of weary wailing for some line of love"l'assed away"-the Hower placked, the roung life fled!
The child, so full of happiness, entombed!
We might not bathe the burning brow, noe press
The rooling dranght to those hot, fevered lips:
We might not read to her the Word of Life, Nor hid her keep tist hold of Jesus' hand, As thro' the darksome vale of death she wilked!
We might not deck with flowers her lowly herl,
Nor follow to that spont where lie onr treasilles!
No, momlis hat passed and winter's snow hatd draped
Her (ombl. cre came the lielings, "Passed all:y.

Death of the Missionary's Dovghter. 7

I cannot tell the the anguish of that homi,
When all seemed so at variance with our glief;
No hash of fontstep nor of roice preprared
Onr hearts for coming of those death-firught words ;
Lifes cu:rent hurried on with wontol stir:
'Twas like the arrowed lightning singline us From out the busy crowd, alll seathing bearts
Oft scathed before-
Oh why this afded grief?
God chastens whom He bover (noum if éen
With stripes He bringes his to Himselt-Lifees Fount,
The Su:n of all that's wise or good or just!
But why this waste? Nay, 'twere wrong to call it raste:
This miverse is Goll's, and if a tramsfer He woald make from Earth's domain of sin To Heaven's wide reahn of bliss, where the glad soul
Unfettered phomes its wings of flight beyomr A! reach of mortal ken or earth-horn thought,
Where all its powers, ransomed from thall of sill,
Do service to the utmost for its GodWhy call it Waste?

We trust onr Flower still hlomen, Blooms in the heavenly fields; we thast our child
Has joined the commtess throng of holy nues Befure the ereat white throne. And wonld

8 Death of the Mizsionary's Danghter.
we call
Her back to cartl, this earth so full of sin And wo, where Satan spreads his gilded snares
And lures to death eternal? No, child! stay ever
Near the stream of life, plack leaves from off the tree
Of healing, and tune thy harp to Jesus' praise
Through years tanerding.
Alld we, struggling on
Through Life's deep valc---mourting thine early blight,
Yet glad for that thou wearst the croun thou here
Wert wont to sing, will cheer our hearts with hope
That when the stream of death is crossed, We'll meet thee where the weary rest-meet thee in hearen.

